

Strephon and Cloris :

O R,

The Coy Shepherd and Kind Shepherdess.

He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray, That for to stay he finds it much the better :
And from her kind Embraces would away ; When Flocks and Herds, and all concerns do fail,
But she with loving Charms doth him so fetter, Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.
To a pleasant New Tune at the Play-house ; Or, Love will find out the way.



Behold ! dread Cupid, with his Golden Dart,
 And Bended Bow, doth pierce each Shephrds heart.
 A Vitrals here Strephon yields to loves Essays,
 Whose head is Crown'd with never-fading Bays.



O ! Cloris awake,
 it is all abroad day,
 If you sleep any longer
 our Flocks they will stray :
 Aye still my dear Shepherd,
 and do not rise yet,
 for it is a cold windy morning,
 besides it is wet,

My Cloris make haste,
 for it is no such thing,
 Our time we do waste,
 for the Lark is on wing :
 Besides I do fancy
 I hear the young Lambs,
 Cry, ba, ba, ba, ba,
 for the loss of their Dammes.

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My Shepherd I come,
though I'm all o'er sorrow
But I swear I'll not love you
if you rise so to morrow:
For methinks it's unkind,
thus early to rise,
And not bid me good-morrow,
by my tears from my eyes.

O hark, my dear Cloris,
before thou shalt weep,
I'll stay to embrace thee,
neglecting my sleep:
My Flocks they may wander,
one hour, two, or three,
But if I loose thy favour,
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,
to hear thee say so,
It eases my heart of
much sorrow and woe:
And for thy reward
I will give thee a Kiss,
and then thou shalt taste
of a true Lovers bliss.

But Cloris behold how
bright Phoebus his Beams,
Invites us to go
to the murmuring streams:
I hear the brave Huntsman
doth follow the cry,
And makes the woods ring,
yet how sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsman,
may follow the Chase,
Whilst we enjoy pleasure
in a far better place:
Thou know'st my dear Shepherd,
there is no delight,
Like Lovers Enjoyment,
from morning till night.

Alas my dear Cloris,
what dost thou require,
The care of my Flocks
doth abate my desire:
The Lambs are now weaned,
and tender for prey,
And I fear the lye wolf
he should bear them away.

My Love do not fear it,
the wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging
in his Mossy bed:
Then let me embrace thee,
whilst we do agree,
And I promise to go,
thou shalt after be free.

Oh Cloris! thy words
are so powerful with me,
That I could be willing
to tarry with thee:
Therefore to content thee,
one hour I will stay,
But I vow by God Cupid
I will then go away.

Now I have my wishes,
dear Shepherd we'll part,
Although thou dost carry
away my poor heart:
I bless the great Gods,
that to Lovers are kind,
To bring us together,
such bliss for to find.

Then farewell dear Cloris,
till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
my Flocks on the Plain:
Where I shall record
thy true Love in such Rhimes:
For Shepherds to admire
in succeeding times.

F I N I S.